

B I A N C A :

A

T R A G E D Y.

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By R. SHEPHERD.

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O X F O R D :

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T R A C T Y.

By H. SHERD.





# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

Don PEDRO.

Don SEBASTIAN.

Don BALTHAZAR.

Don JUAN.

## W O M E N.

Donna CATHERINA.

BIANCA.

CLARA.

LEONORA. )

BEATRICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

M E N.

Don Pedro.

Don Sebastian.

Don Bartholomew.

Don Juan.

W O M E N.

Donna Catharina.

Isabella.

Isabella.

Isabella.

Isabella.

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# B I A N C A.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in Don BALTHAZAR's House.*

*Enter Don BALTHAZAR.*

BALTHAZAR.



WHEN this point's gain'd my soul will be at rest;

Bianca must be mine.—Sebastian has

Her heart—but what of that?—I want it not:—

Nor her, if any other woman could  
Be found, from whose alliance I was sure  
To reap such great advantage as from this,

*Enter Don JUAN.*

JUAN.

My lord, I'm apprehensive I intrude;

Perhaps I interrupt you at a time

When you are so engag'd in contemplation,

B

A friendly

A friendly visit might have been dispens'd with:  
Say, are you studying for the public good?

B A L T H A Z A R.

No, Juan, 'tis not that takes up my thoughts;  
Dost think I ever rack my brains for that?  
My mind was fixt upon my own affairs:  
I'll tell thee, Juan.—Soon I mean to wed;  
My choice is made; the lady's young and fair,  
Noble, well bred;—has charms more striking still:  
The bags of dollars unto which she's heir,  
I think do well deserve a warm pursuit.

J U A N.

Indeed!—Of this I have not heard before;  
Now all is settled you inform your friend:  
When men get great, they grow reserv'd to those  
Who once were worthy deem'd of knowing all  
Their inmost thoughts.

B A L T H A Z A R.

You know I have not now  
The time to spare I had some years ago,  
When I could often entertain my friends:  
But now my strict attendance on the king,  
Will scarce permit one hour unto myself.

J U A N.

Well, well, my lord, I pray no more excuses.  
Who is your destin'd bride?

B A L T H A Z A R.

Do you not know  
Bianca, old Don Pedro's niece and ward?  
'Tis her I mean to honour with my hand.

J U A N.



J U A N.

Bianca !—Surely that can never be ;  
She is contracted to a noble youth ;  
Yet you seem certain of the glorious prize.

B A L T H A Z A R.

And so I am.—The king, Don Juan, shall  
Secure her mine.—Our sovereign's command  
Who dares resist ?

J U A N.

You mean to force her then  
To be your wife :—why did you not, my lord,  
With all love's rhet'ric try to win her heart ?  
Suppose our royal master grants your wish ;  
In such a marriage, bliss you'll never find :  
All hopes of sweet domestic peace are vain,  
Without a tender union of your souls.

B A L T H A Z A R.

I wish not for it.—O the sweet revenge  
Of bringing down that haughty woman's pride !  
I tell thee, long in vain I've made my suit,  
And strove to gain her by the gentlest means ;  
With tameness oft I've borne her pride and scorn,  
And been submissive as an abject slave ;  
But soon she'll know 'twill be my turn to triumph.

J U A N.

What will your jealous mistress, Clara, say,  
When she is told that you have broke her chains ?  
For that connection must be quite dissolv'd.

B 2

BAL-



A

B I A N C A.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Not for Bianca, Friend ; thou may'st believe :  
 Dost think, for her I'll give up any thing  
 That will the least contribute to my pleasures ?  
 Much less a mistress.—She, Don Juan, shall  
 Assist me in my purposes.—I wed  
 But for two reasons ;—int'rest, and revenge  
 For all Bianca's coldness and contempt.

J U A N.

Might I advise, I'd give this business up :  
 I cannot think that you are acting right ;  
 And much I fear you will too late repent.

B A L T H A Z A R.

No coward fears shall disappoint my will ;  
 Therefore no more, my friend.—The time draws nigh  
 When my attendance is requir'd at court :  
 Go with me—I will introduce you there. [ *Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*An Apartment in Don PEDRO's House.*

*Enter Don SEBASTIAN and BIANCA.*

S E B A S T I A N,

Will not Bianca fix the happy day ?  
 The day that makes my charmer ever mine,  
 Why thus averse ?—Your uncle does consent,  
 Yet still my lovely maid delays my bliss.

B I A N C A.

# B I A N C A

3

## B I A N C A.

Press me no more, Sebastian ; 'tis too soon  
For you or I to think of Hymen's bands :  
Let us a little longer live as now,  
The truest lovers, and as faithful friends.

## S E B A S T I A N.

Wherefore too soon ?—I fear Bianca's chang'd :  
Has then another found the way to please ?  
If so, I've only to despair and die.

## B I A N C A.

You wrong me greatly, and you are unkind :  
Let not suspicion harbour in your breast ;  
You never will have cause for jealous fears :  
From infant years my parents made me know,  
That for Sebastian's wife I was design'd :  
Oft was I bid to love, and I obey'd,  
Before I knew the import of the word.  
They told me what indeed I now find true,  
That for real worth, for virtue, and for truth,  
None could their choice excel.—Thus daily us'd  
To hear their fav'rite prais'd, I strove to please,  
Tho' I scarce knew for why.—I am not chang'd,  
I never wrong'd you, no not once in thought.

## S E B A S T I A N.

Transporting charmer !—you were ever all  
That's good and kind, tho' now you're cruel grown.

## B I A N C A.

Unkind upbraider !—Is it thus your sex  
Maintain their empire uncontrol'd, and reign  
Like monarchs o'er weak women's wills ?—When one  
Concession's

Concession's made, how soon another's ask'd!  
 And if sometimes we venture to refuse,  
 We're chang'd,—we're cruel, and no longer love.

S E B A S T I A N.

You now are too severe:—Can you forgive  
 A fault occasion'd by excess of love,  
 And fear of losing all my soul holds dear?

B I A N C A.

I do:—but hope not e'er to gain your point  
 By harsh reproaches, which I've not deserv'd:  
 To make my peace you think I will comply,  
 And freely grant if you with honour ask:  
 But know, Sebastian, that a noble mind  
 Will never yield from motives such as these,  
 Unless it's conscious that 'tis acting right.

S E B A S T I A N.

And can you think it wrong to grant my suit?  
 O say, Bianca, wherefore must I wait,  
 If still you think me worthy of your hand?

B I A N C A.

Suppose I now should grant you every wish——

S E B A S T I A N.

O that you would thus kindly condescend,  
 And grant my fond request!—You'll not repent;—  
 What says my love?—Let my probation cease,  
 Receive me for the guardian of thy youth:  
 By me protected, none will dare approach  
 My fair Bianca with their am'rous sighs,  
 Nor wound my peace each day pursuing you.

BIANCA.

B I A N C A.

7

B I A N C A.

You know you have no rival in my heart ;  
Can my Sebastian think I'd e'er bestow  
A thought on any of his Sex but him ?  
Nor am I skill'd in gay coquetish airs ;  
To give you pain will never give me joy,  
Therefore dispel your fears,

S E B A S T I A N.

You only can.

Will you not some substantial reason give,  
Why our engagements may not be fulfill'd ?

B I A N C A.

My reason's this.—Suppose that you should change,  
And sometime hence behold some other maid,  
Whose charms superior then will make you wish  
You'd took more time to look around the world,  
And had not been so hasty in your choice.  
Then what resource would poor Bianca have,  
But fruitless sighs and unavailing tears.

S E B A S T I A N.

Is this then all Bianca can object ?  
And can she think her heart more firm than mine ?  
If e'er I'm false to thee—if my affections  
To any other object ever change ;  
May all the torments dæmons can invent,  
Fall heavily upon my perjur'd head !  
You wrong your merit to suppose I could.—

B I A N C A.



B I A N C A.

B I A N C A.

Alas ! the thought spreads sadness thro' my soul ;  
Believe me, my Sebastian, I esteem  
You as the worthiest of your sex ; but yet  
The best may err, and hence arise my fears.

S E B A S T I A N.

Then you have fears, and yet my charming maid  
Will not permit her lover once to doubt.

B I A N C A.

At present urge me not.—

S E B A S T I A N.

Indeed I must ;—

O my Bianca ! if you ever lov'd,  
Let me, I humbly beg, no longer wait ;  
I must reveal th' unhappy cause that makes  
Me thus importunate for your consent  
To an immediate union of our hands.  
The fav'rite of our sov'reign loves my fair ;  
Balthazar, madam, 'tis distracts my soul,  
And gives me tortures insupportable.  
You know his pow'r.—I will not doubt your faith.—  
Yet what shall save us from th' impending storm,  
If he obtains the mandate of the king,  
To tear Bianca from her lover's arms ?

B I A N C A.

O never, never will I be his wife ;  
The worst of deaths I will prefer to that :  
With none but my Sebastian will I wed.

S E B A S.



## S E B A S T I A N.

O soon then make me blest!—Allow me one  
 More plea:—The time is now arriv'd when you  
 Should yield a strict obedience to Alvarez.  
 Have you forgot a parent's last request?  
 A father whom you honour'd and rever'd.

## B I A N C A.

I well remember, and I will obey them;  
 As to the time, I may determine that.

## S E B A S T I A N.

No, not if you implicitly observe  
 Each dear injunction that your father gave;  
 None but your uncle and myself were near him:  
 Thus to Don Pedro he address'd himself:  
 “Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends,  
 “I leave my darling child unto your care;  
 “Be her protector, form her mind to virtue,  
 “None better can perform that task than you;  
 “She will not miss a father's tender care;  
 “I'm happy in that thought.—Yet one thing more—  
 “When she arrives to age mature, fulfil  
 “The contract made with Don Sebastian's friends:  
 “To that dear youth resign my precious child;  
 “Unite their hands,—their hearts have long been one;  
 “I only wish'd to live to see their union—  
 “But heav'n's high will be done.—I soon must leave”—

## B I A N C A.

O stop, Sebastian,—I can hear no more:  
 My much-lov'd parent, oft do I recall,  
 With heart-felt grief, the loss I then sustain'd;

His will shall be observ'd in ev'ry point.—  
 My lord, to your request I yield, and hope  
 I never shall repent my acquiescence.

## S E B A S T I A N.

Words are too poor to pay my grateful thanks,  
 But all the actions of my future life  
 Shall more express the feelings of my heart,  
 Than a set pompous speech of flowing words.  
 Permit me, dear Bianca, to attend  
 My mother Donna Catherine; my Joy  
 Is not compleat until she share it with me.  
 Adieu! my love!—I leave my dearest treasure,  
 For a short space; we soon shall meet again. [*Exit.*]

## B I A N C A.

Whence are these fears, these melancholy thoughts  
 That croud upon my mind?—Is there a man  
 I would prefer to Don Sebastian?  
 No.—I obey a parent's will by choice;  
 Not by compulsion:—Love and duty go  
 Hand in hand, and strongly do combine.  
 He vows eternal constancy and love;  
 Why so have many more, and yet have broke  
 Their faith; been perjur'd,—false.—But wherefore do  
 I view my prospects in the darkest light?  
 Wherefore not turn unto the brightest side?  
 Mortals need not anticipate misfortunes;  
 Vanish this gloom, chearful ideas take  
 Your wonted seat within my breast. Let me  
 Not murmur till I've real cause.

*Enter*

*Enter* LEONORA.

LEONORA.

Madam,

From Don Balthazar. [*Gives a Letter.*]

B I A N C A.

Take it back, I charge thee;  
His visits and epistles I detest;  
The last I'll not receive, nor would the first,  
But grandeur, power, and his wealth immense,  
Give him the freedom of my uncle's house.  
I've oft remark'd what influence riches have,  
And still much more if join'd to rank and titles:  
Possess'd of these, the meanest, sordid wretch  
A warm reception meets, where real worth  
And modest merit no admittance finds.  
But come,—I want my Leonora's aid.  
That name I so much hate has discompos'd  
My mind; and for some moments I'd forgot  
My pleasing prospects and near change of life. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Donna Catherina's House.*

*Enter* Donna CATHERINA and DON SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

Madam, congratulate your happy son,  
The fair Bianca shortly will be mine:  
She will not make me longer wretched, but

Has kindly condescended to my suit,  
Dispels my fears, and fills my soul with joy.

## C A T H E R I N A.

In all your joys, my son, I do partake ;  
The fortunes of my much-lov'd child are mine :  
When thou art happy thy fond mother's blest ;  
May'st thou be ever so !—I'm much rejoic'd  
To find you are so near the summit of  
Your hopes :—I shall be proud of such a daughter.

## S E B A S T I A N.

You yet know not one half Bianca's worth ;  
Her outward charms are not to be compar'd  
With those that amply do adorn her mind :  
Beauties that cannot fade ; which will delight  
Me, when her snow-white skin, her brilliant eyes,  
And animated face, shall fall a prey  
To time.

## C A T H E R I N A.

You are in raptures, my Sebastian ;  
I hope they will continue, for it would  
Much grieve me, should you ever be like those  
Who when a partner they have gain'd for life,  
Despise—neglect her—treat her with contempt——  
Think her unworthy of the least regard ;  
Forget the time they thought her all that's charming :  
The heav'n they hop'd to find, they then believe  
A mere chimera, 'cause their fickle hearts  
Value not blessings that they do possess,  
But sigh for something new.

SEBAS-



S E B A S T I A N.

Madam, I think

I know my heart;—caprice, I'm sure, will never  
Influence me :—but was I so inclin'd,  
There is such magic in Bianca's charms,  
That cannot fail to fix me ever hers.

C A T H E R I N A.

Believe me, son, it will require some pains  
To make the marriage life glide smoothly on,  
For man or woman never yet were perfect :  
All those who wish to wear a silken chain,  
Will ever find that mutual love is not  
The only requisite to nuptial bliss.

S E B A S T I A N.

Nought will be wanting on Bianca's part,  
I think I can with certainty pronounce :  
But your instructions, madam, I may want.

C A T H E R I N A.

I've learnt by observation and experience,  
That on the woman's conduct most depends ;  
But that I wave.—Beware of jealousy—  
From that proceeds a thousand nameless ills ;  
If once you entertain it you're undone :  
The merest trifle often gives it birth,  
And if you once suspect, repose is lost.  
Bianca's lovely, and will be admir'd ;  
Will not that give you pain ?

S E B A S T I A N.

She's virtuous,

Therefore I think not.

C A T H E.



## C A T H E R I N A.

I dare aver she is ;

Yet many ways you may be tortured,  
 If to suspicion and surmise you're prone,  
 Tho' nought but innocence dwells in her breast.  
 Would you be master of Bianca's will,  
 You'd better leave it at her own disposal ;  
 You then will find it coincide with yours.  
 I think, my son, you will not be morose ;  
 Good-nature, tenderness, and complaisance,  
 In your deportment to her you will blend :  
 If you do not, you cannot be surpriz'd  
 If your fair partner some resentment shew,  
 And form her manners by her lord's example.  
 But I have done.—Enough of this at present—  
 Will you attend me to your bride elect !

## S E B A S T I A N.

With joy, this moment, madam, if you please ;  
 Each hour of absence from my dear Bianca,  
 In my account's a long and tedious day. [Exeunt.





## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Don Balthazar's.*

*Enter Don BALTHAZAR and CLARA.*

CLARA.

**L**EAVE me, perfidious wretch, insult me not;  
 You think to dupe me with your cursed arts,  
 In this respect as you have done in others.  
 Be gone—I will not hear—too well I know thee.—  
 Your destin'd bride has all your fond regards;  
 The love you vow to me is mere pretence;  
 But know, thou monster, I will be reveng'd.

BALTHAZAR.

Have patience, Clara, and believe within  
 Balthazar's heart you still sole mistress reign;  
 Love has no part in my intentions:—  
 Bianca must be mine.—

CLARA.

She must!—thou wretch!—

Now could I strike a dagger to thy heart;—  
 I only have a right to all thy vows:—  
 Hast thou not sworn by ev'ry sacred pow'r  
 Never to marry?—On those terms alone  
 I yielded to my ruin.—Worst of men!—  
 What can compensate for the peace I've lost?—

My

My fame and virtue are for ever gone,  
 And for the sacrifice I'm well rewarded :——  
 If once mens poisonous flattery prevail,  
 And the fond simple maid believe their oaths,  
 She's sure to be undone ; for faith and truth  
 Are rarely in you found.

B A L T H A Z A R.

You'd better let  
 This tempest cease, and ask me to forgive  
 Your ill-tim'd rage.

C L A R A.

No, villain !—though I am  
 So much debas'd, I'm not so abject yet  
 To bend to you :—Clara will never stoop  
 To fawn and kneel before her base undoer ;  
 Nor would I ask forgiveness tho' in fault ;  
 But I am injur'd—greatly am I injur'd,  
 And you shall feel a slighted woman's vengeance.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Think not to fright me with your empty threats ;——  
 Be cautious, silly woman, how you act :——  
 I have tam'd spirits violent as yours.

C L A R A.

Mine you can never.——You perhaps may think  
 To see me grieve and pine away my days,  
 Mourning the loss of an ungrateful man ;  
 But know, Balthazar, you will be deceiv'd.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Rave as you please ;—my marriage is resolv'd.—  
 I've lov'd you, Clara, and will love you still ;

But

But my ambition must not yield to love ;  
 In my affection none shall rival you ;  
 I have no eyes for any charms but yours :  
 Be wife then, and be satisfied with this.

C L A R A.

Will you then condescend to think on Clara ?  
 Amazing !—And you will vouchsafe sometimes  
 To see her ?—This will surely make me blest ;  
 Make me with patience bear to see your bride  
 Enjoy your fortune, title, and your heart.  
 Say then,—what obscure corner hast thou found  
 To place me in ?—Or you intend, perhaps,  
 That I shall wait on your beloved wife,  
 Attend her as her menial servant :—Would  
 Not that best suit me ?—You that have the art  
 To bow imperious tempers, may bring mine  
 To that.——

B A L T H A Z A R.

Madam, these airs but ill become you.  
 Know you to whom you speak ?——

C L A R A.

What stile is this ?—  
 That of a master to his wretched slave,  
 Or of a haughty conqueror to his captive !——

B A L T H A Z A R.

You should not doubt, when I declare that you——

C L A R A.

I will not hear your declarations :——  
 O how I execrate the hour when first  
 I saw your face !

D

B A L-



## B A L T H A Z A R.

You are so froward, so  
Perverse, so very like your sex, that you  
Can make a mole-hill to appear a mountain ;  
Else why this clamour for so mere a trifle? —

## C L A R A.

I know a woman's ruin's so esteem'd ;  
That men think vows but wind, I find too late.  
But why such foul invectives on my sex ?  
If they're perverse, 'tis yours that make them so.  
O would each woman view you as you are,  
Your specious manners seldom would deceive !  
Few would then fall a prey to subtle wiles,  
Nor think you are sincere, when your vile hearts  
Are so replete with guile ;—would have no cause  
To mourn your falshood nor their own destruction.

## B A L T H A Z A R.

Rail on—but think not I will stay to hear  
The peevish wrangling of a girl :—Farewell ! —  
We meet no more until this rage is spent :  
Go, learn to treat me as you ought—as one  
On whom you must depend—your only friend. [*Exit.*]

## C L A R A.

My deadliest foe :—unmanly, base upbraider ! —  
I am indeed your poor dependant.—Gone ! —  
My vengeance shall pursue thee, perjur'd wretch,  
Go where thou wilt :—contrivance and revenge  
Assist and forward my designs !—I will  
Consult Beatrice ;—her fertile head is form'd



For plots and mischief ;—then beware Balthazar !  
 Some way shall soon be found to pierce thee to  
 The soul ;—my injuries shall steel my heart ;—  
 The villain shall not triumph thus unpunish'd. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Don Pedro's House.*

*Enter* BIANCA.

B I A N C A.

Long my Sebastian has been gone !—What can  
 Detain him now ?—How tedious is each hour  
 Of absence !—Why, why does he not return ?—  
 Perhaps maternal fondness keeps him from me ;  
 If Donna Catherine intreats his stay,  
 Can he abruptly leave so fond a parent ?—  
 I ever shall revere that noble lady ;  
 The goodness of her heart conspicuous shines  
 In every look, in every word and action ;  
 They all display the most intrinsic worth.  
 In her, I doubt not, I shall ever find  
 A tender mother, and a real friend :  
 How sweet that thought to one who never knew  
 The fond indulgence of a mother's love !—

*Enter* BALTHAZAR.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Madam, I read my welcome in your looks,  
 Those lovely eyes averted, speak it plain ;

D 2

I hope

I hope at least you'll pardon this intrusion :—  
Since 'tis your charms that draw me hither, blame  
Not me, but them.

B I A N C A.

Then gladly would I be  
The most disgusting of my sex, could I  
Be freed from all unwelcome guests, and from  
Professions most unpleasing to my ears.  
Why will you still persist ?—you never can  
To me be other than you are ;—all my  
Affections are another's right ; my hand  
And heart delighted I resign to him,  
To whom my father gave me, as the best,  
The dearest pledge of his regard :—believe,  
My lord, that my Sebastian's worth deserves  
Far more than his Bianca can bestow.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Cruel, insulting beauty !—but proceed——  
Tell me in what consists Sebastian's worth ;  
Say, can he boast of aught that I have not ?  
In all respects I think I may dispute  
With Don Sebastian any lady's heart.

B I A N C A.

Fancy, in that, my lord, must be the test ?  
Perhaps in you some of my sex may see  
Perfections I'm not able to perceive :  
And I in my Sebastian can behold  
Merit and worth another may be blind to.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Still will you praise the man I hate——

B I A N C A.

## B I A N C A.

How mean,

How ignoble and groveling is that soul  
That's fir'd with envy when another's prais'd!  
Defend me heaven from so base a mind!

## B A L T H A Z A R.

To be thus hated, thus despis'd, merely  
From prejudice unjustly took against me;—  
To see a rival view'd with partial eyes,  
Raises a tempest in my soul:—'twould move  
A stoic to be treated thus;—thou proud  
Disdainful woman!—And can nothing move  
You in my favour?—Know, a time will come,  
And quickly too, when you in turn will sup  
In vain.

## B I A N C A.

I hear your menaces unmov'd;—  
I cannot think that time will ever come :  
Your threats I do defy—I fear you not.—  
Yet think how much 'twould add to your renown,  
If the world knew that Don Balthazar, with  
A coward's meanness, labour'd to dismay  
And terrify a woman.

## B A L T H A Z A R.

Ha!—A coward!—

Sebastian, madam, shall not find me one;  
Were he but here, this moment should decide  
Our fates, and prove my courage great as his;  
In that at least you'd find I am his equal.

## B I A N C A.

B I A N C A.

My lord, I leave you to grow cool at leisure ;  
I will not bear these boist'rous airs.——

B A L T H A Z A R.

O stay,

Bianca, and forgive the wretch you've made !—  
Do not disguise your beauties with those frowns :  
The smiling graces that adorn your face,  
Instantly vanish soon as I approach ;  
Bid them resume their wonted charms, and cheer  
The scorn'd Balthazar's drooping soul.——

B I A N C A.

Should I

Gives hopes of what I never can confirm,  
I should indeed deserve those epithets  
Which you, Balthazar, have bestow'd upon me.  
Henceforth then let your persecution cease,  
You know my mind, my fixt determination ;  
If not for my sake, for your own, desist.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Amazing change !—Bianca's growing kind ;  
Permit me then to thank you for your care :  
I never was deem'd worthy of a thought  
'Till now :——a flatt'ring symptom this.——

B I A N C A.

Nor are

You now, but as it may affect myself ;—  
I thought a person of your soaring mind,  
Would dread to have a blemish on his fame.

B A L-



## B A L T H A Z A R.

What can disgrace my honour or my fame,  
In the alliance I'm so earnest bent on?—

## B I A N C A.

Both are concern'd, my lord:—Suppose you were  
Bequeath'd a sum—no matter what the worth—  
Left in a person's hands, at a fix'd time  
To be deliver'd up:—You then demand  
The gift your friend had left, and doubt not but  
His will would be fulfill'd:—If then you find  
Your legacy consign'd to one who ask'd  
It for himself; say, with what names you'd brand  
The man who thus receiv'd another's right,  
And him that could abuse the sacred trust  
Repos'd in him?—

## B A L T H A Z A R.

Madam, I understand you;  
Let envious whispers do their worst, know, I  
Defy the utmost malice of my foes.  
Should that deter me from my purpose? If  
I fear'd the censures of the world, then you  
Might justly call me cowardly and mean.

## B I A N C A.

But if those censures are deserv'd, my lord,  
You must——

## B A L T H A Z A R.

Madam, your reasoning is vain:  
I cannot, will not tamely give you up;  
But from this hour I am no more your slave,  
No more I'll feed your vanity and pride

By

By my submissions.—Since you're so unfeeling,  
I'll now throw off the mask I long have worn;  
You will be forc'd to yield—Remember that—  
And I may find a time to be reveng'd. [Exit.]

*Enter Don PEDRO.*

P E D R O.

What do I hear?—Balthazar be reveng'd—  
On whom?—I know him proud, ambitious, but  
I never knew his temper was revengeful.  
Sure you have no ways injur'd him; what means  
This rage my child?

B I A N C A.

I am amazement all!—

On me he means to wreak his vengeance, thro'  
Sebastian;—so I understand him;—yet  
His parting words seem'd to mean something more.

P E D R O.

I fear Bianca you have been too harsh—

B I A N C A.

I ow'd it to Sebastian and myself  
To be explicit, and to crush his hopes.

P E D R O.

You did—but we have cause to dread his pow'r;—  
I came to tell thee all my fears;—I have  
Had intimation from a friend, that he  
Designs to use his influence with the king,  
To gain his wishes.—

B I A N C A.

B I A N C A.

Sure, my lord, no man  
Would choose t'obtain a lady's hand by force:  
But if he should, I never can be his.

P E D R O.

Alas! my child, I fear resistance will  
Avail us little——

B I A N C A.

O distract me not  
With these forebodings;—heav'n preserve my dear  
Sebastian!—while he is safe, Balthazar  
Cannot hurt me.

P E D R O.

One way I hope your peace  
May be secur'd;—Your nuptials must not be  
Delay'd:—No public celebration must  
Be thought on, lest the fatal mandate should  
Arrive too soon, and make us ever wretched.

B I A N C A.

My more than father, guide me as you please;  
In all respects I will be rul'd by you.  
Words can but ill express the sense I have  
Of all your goodness to your orphan Niece;  
Your care, your kindness, and paternal love:  
My heart is full of gratitude, but O  
I cannot, cannot give it vent.

P E D R O.

My child  
I've done no more than justice did demand,

E

Had

Had I not lov'd thee with a parent's fondness.  
 Could I but see thee with Sebastian blest,  
 'Tis all I ask.

*Enter* LEONORA.

LEONORA.

Madam, your's and Don Pedro's  
 Presence is immediately requested  
 By Donna Catherine and Don Sebastian.

PEDRO.

We will attend them.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Don BALTHAZAR'S ---- CLARA'S Apartments.*

*Enter* CLARA.

CLARA.

To what a state is wretched Clara brought !  
 How one false step betrays our sex into  
 Ten thousand errors !——

*Enter* BEATRICE.

BEATRICE.

Madam, I have done  
 As you commanded me ; your cloaths, your jewels,  
 May be remov'd immediately.

CLARA.

My  
 Intentions, Beatrice are revers'd ; I'll not

Remove



Remove from hence, nor shall my rival force me;  
 I will confront her, view those wond'rous charms  
 Which thus have robb'd me of Balthazar's heart.  
 Can there no means be found that may prevent  
 This marriage?—Say—to thee I leave that care;—  
 Accomplish that and I will well reward thee;—  
 The little wealth I have shall all be thine;  
 My ornaments—apparel too, I will  
 Relinquish to thee on that condition.—  
 I'll freely live in unfrequented desarts,  
 Endure the scorching heat and piercing cold,  
 Feed like the birds on what the trees produce,  
 Renounce for ever every social tie:  
 I care not to what state I am reduc'd,  
 Could I but make that perjur'd tyrant feel  
 The pangs he's fix'd within my breast.

## B E A T R I C E.

Madam,

You are too warm;—be calm, and rest assur'd,  
 I will defeat Balthazar's views:—Give me  
 But time to summon all my forces, and  
 The method I have hit on will restore  
 Your peace.

## C L A R A.

My peace, alas! you never can  
 Restore.

## B E A T R I C E.

Next time you meet with Don Balthazar,  
 Alter your carriage;—seem compos'd—resign'd—

Let no reproachful words escape you, if  
You wish me to succeed.

C L A R A.

Dost thou then think  
Clara will stoop to play the hypocrite?—  
Address him with a smiling face, while my  
Heart's bursting with contending passions?—No.—  
Such meanness I detest;—I will not, cannot  
Do it.—I will upbraid him with his baseness,  
And probe his guilty soul with my reproaches.

B E A T R I C E.

Your pardon madam; but I must observe,  
That if you are determin'd how to act,  
Your reference to me might have been spar'd.

C L A R A.

I ask'd thee to prevent this hated marriage,  
Not thy advice:—I will not be prescrib'd to.

B E A T R I C E.

Madam, I've done.—My utmost efforts will.—  
I us'd t'effect your pleasure, but if you  
O'eturn my schemes, and will not condescend  
To form your conduct to my wishes, my  
Endeavours will be vain.

C L A R A.

Tell me on what  
You build your hopes; acquaint me with thy plan,  
I best can judge of its utility,  
On its success depends my all;—madness  
Will surely seize me should it fail;—I then  
Shall be a wretch indeed; and if it be

Through

Through thy neglect, nothing can save thee from  
My wrath;—On thee shall all my fury turn.

## B E A T R I C E.

What have I done, that you suspect I shall  
Not be as zealous in this case, a I  
Have been in others?—My abilities  
Shall be exerted in your service.

## C L A R A.

Beatrice,

We will retire to my chamber, there  
You freely may disclose your whole design.  
O may success attend thy machinations!  
Then shall the flighted Clara once more be  
The mistress of Balthazar's heart;—When all  
His hopes are blasted, he may kneel and sigh—  
O 'twill elate my very soul with joy  
To see him at my feet, suing to be  
Forgiv'n! Then will I spurn him from me with  
Contempt; will let him know that injuries  
Like mine, are not so easily forgot,  
By one whose spirit ne'er could brook controul:  
And though I love th' ungrateful wretch too well,  
Yet will I mix indifference with disdain. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

B I A N C A.

S C E N E IV.

Don PEDRO's *House*.*Enter* Don PEDRO.

P E D R O.

This is too much!—Can I support the blow  
That robs me of my dearest child?—and how  
Will she receive the dreadful tidings?—Poor  
Sebastian too—how my heart bleeds for both!—

*Enter* Don SEBASTIAN *and* BIANCA.

B I A N C A.

My dearest uncle, whence that sigh?—Alas!  
You are not well, or some misfortune hath  
Befallen you too great to bear:—O speak!  
As your Bianca ever shar'd your joys,  
Let her also participate your sorrows.

S E B A S T I A N.

I am alarm'd my lord; say, can Sebastian  
Disperse your woes, or mitigate your grief?  
My sword and fortune are at your command.

P E D R O.

My children, you too soon will know the cause—  
Unhappy pair!—

S E B A S T I A N.

Explain, my lord; suspense  
Is worse than certainty, nay worse than death.

P E D R O.



P E D R O.

Can you, Sebastian and Bianca, part?  
With resignation separate for ever?—  
So 'tis decreed by arbitrary pow'r—  
The King—Balthazar—I need say no more.

B I A N C A.

Ha!—Balthazar!—

S E B A S T I A N.

His arts then have prevail'd:—  
I fear'd the sordid wretch would have recourse  
To ways a gen'rous man would scorn:—Curse on  
Despotic monarchy!—I'll seek the villain,  
And with my sword——

B I A N C A.

O my Sebastian!—If

You ever lov'd, if your Bianca's peace  
Is worth a thought; I charge you hazard not  
Your precious life, and we may yet be blest:—  
If you endanger that, adieu all hopes.—  
I will be yours and only yours.

S E B A S T I A N.

But you

Will be compell'd, my lovely maid:—Has not  
The king unjustly torn you from me, and  
Given you unto my rival?—Is it  
Not so, my lord?

P E D R O.

About an hour since

The fatal order came, in which I am  
Enjoin'd on my allegiance, to see

My

My child made wretched.—See her wedded to  
Don Balthazar.

S E B A S T I A N.

Can my Bianca think

I tamely will resign her?—Would she then  
Persuade Sebastian to relinquish all  
His soul holds dear?—

B I A N C A.

O not for worlds;—but your  
Temerity I dread:—Say you will not  
Be rash, nor take imprudent steps.—

S E B A S T I A N.

What can  
I say?—My soul's in tumults.—O should I  
Lose thee!—Distraction's in the thought!—

P E D R O.

Do not  
Despair, my dearest children:—be compos'd—  
Distress me not by giving way to grief—  
We've many friends who'll in our cause unite;  
Who will entreat our sovereign to relent,  
And countermand the orders he has giv'n.—  
No time must now be lost:—I go to use  
My best endeavours for your welfare. [Exit.]

S E B A S T I A N.

May gracious heaven be propitious to  
Your undertaking!—O Bianca, how  
Are all our happy prospects over-clouded!—

B I A N C A.

Alas! they are; but yet a ray of hope  
Remains.

S E B A S-

S E B A S T I A N.

O where?—Direct the friendly beam  
To shine on me.

B I A N C A.

I cannot now explain  
Th' expedient I have found; but know, 'tis such  
That must and will secure me ever yours.

S E B A S T I A N.

Even this kind assurance cannot soothe  
My troubled mind:—can I with patience think  
Upon the change this morning hath produc'd?—  
So lately blest—beyond expression blest!—  
And now of all mankind the most unhappy.

B I A N C A.

Be calm, Sebastian—moderate your grief—  
I feel it all, and suffer more for you  
Than for myself.

S E B A S T I A N.

Sweet excellence!—Thou art  
A treasure of inestimable worth,  
Nor will I yield thee up but with my life.

B I A N C A.

O my full heart!—You add to my distress—  
Do leave me now to recollect myself.

S E B A S T I A N.

O my Bianca!—Do not force me from  
You yet; such precious moments we in vain  
May wish for soon.

B I A N C A.

My resolution wavers—  
I cannot take the necessary measures

F

While

While I see you:—My love, my tenderness  
Unnerves me.

S E B A S T I A N.

I go—my ever dear Bianca—  
Reluctantly I leave thee:—Adieu! my love!—  
May ev'ry blessing heaven can bestow,  
Be thine, tho' I am ever wretched. [*Exit.*]

B I A N C A.

And may  
Some guardian-angel shield my dear Sebastian;  
Surround his steps, and save him from all ill!—  
Look where I will the tempest gathers round me,  
Nor can I 'scape its fury but by flight:  
For what can all my friends united do,  
While Don Balthazar is so highly favor'd?—  
I will not trust to their solicitations,  
But will take shelter in some holy place,  
From whence no pow'r can force me.  
My faithful Leonora must assist me—  
Yet what a step to take!—but desp'rate ills  
Must have a desp'rate cure.—This very night,  
When darkness overspreads the horizon,  
I'll quit Don Pedro's house.—Yet ought I to  
Determine this without Sebastian's knowledge?—  
I know not how to act:—Thou gracious pow'r  
That guides the just, direct my steps, and lead  
Me safely thro' the crooked paths before me! [*Exit.*]

A C T



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## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Don BALTHAZAR and Don JUAN.*

B A L T H A Z A R.

**T**HIS is beyond my hopes :—

Observ'st thou, Juan, how Sebastian runs  
Into the snare in which I'd have him caught.  
This challenge will I use to glorious ends.

J U A N.

You will accept it, I presume.

B A L T H A Z A R.

I will,

And meet him too ; but yet I will not fight :  
Fortune's a jilt, and in the field may take  
My rival's part :—I will not trust her Juan.

J U A N.

Your honour, sir,—will that receive no wound ?—

B A L T H A Z A R.

Trust me for that :—What a projector must  
You think me, if you do suppose I've not  
Consider'd well, deliberately weigh'd  
The consequences of my schemes ?—and if  
I am not tardy in the execution,  
They cannot fail :—Now is the time to push  
Them forward ;—now, Don Juan, my revenge  
Will have full scope :—Soon will Bianca wish  
She'd spar'd her high indignant airs ; she will

F 2

Repent

Exit.]

C T

Repent too late her loftiness.—I swear  
I will repay it her with interest.

J U A N.

Have you no taste for social happiness?  
I pity you, my lord :—How is your mind  
Deprav'd !—You cannot relish calm delights,  
That reason and reflection would approve :  
To solid joys, you foolishly prefer  
The momentary pleasures, that result  
From giving way to each wild impulse of  
Your jarring passions ;—or you would not wish  
To wed a woman you do not regard,  
To gratify ambition and revenge.

B A L T H A Z A R.

This is a language, Sir, I've not been us'd to.

J U A N.

I would persuade you from the road to sure  
Destruction ; for the path you're in, to that  
Will lead you : Hearken to my friendly fears,  
Let them deter you from your base design.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Your friendship I disclaim, if it assumes  
The form of insolence.

J U A N.

And I disclaim

All commerce with a man, whose haughty soul  
Expects submission, flattery, and homage,  
From one he deigns to call his friend ; and terms  
His well-meant kindness insolence. [*Going.*]

B A L.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Don Juan, stay, you must not leave me thus ;  
Thou know'st my nature's hot, impetuous ; if  
Thou art indeed my friend, thou wilt forgive  
My vehemence of speech.

J U A N.

I can forgive,  
My lord, I'm not implacably inclin'd ;  
But it were best we meet no more upon  
Familiar terms, for I shall certainly  
Offend again : No supercilious looks,  
No gloomy frowns, nor all the bitter words  
Your spleen can dictate, e'er shall seal my lips,  
Or make me cease to tell you of your errors.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Pry'thee no more of this : I would reveal  
To thee a matter of importance ; but  
Thou'rt such a cynic grown, and art so full  
Of scruples, you perhaps may think it is  
Incumbent on you to betray my secret.

J U A N.

If such be your opinion of me, trust  
Me not ;—But know, whate'er in confidence  
I'm told, I would not whisper to myself,  
Though in a wilderness, lest Echo should  
Reverbrate the sound.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Will you engage  
To give me your assistance too ?

J U A N.

J U A N.

Not till

I know on what account it is required :

Then, if my heart approve your enterprize,

You freely may command me.——

B A L T H A Z A R.

To-morrow,

You know, I meet my rival with his second:

Will you be mine?

J U A N.

You deal in mysteries,

My lord ; I thought you said you would not fight ;

Yet now your words seem to import you will :

How inconsistent's this !——

B A L T H A Z A R.

Be but attentive,

I'll reconcile this seeming contradiction.

You saw the challenge Don Sebastian sent me ;

The time, the place express'd :—The bitter taunts

Enough to rouse a coward, please me much ;

They'll stand me in great stead.

I now am going to attend the king,

And in his closet will I drop the paper ;

In consequence of that, I know, e'er we

Can draw our swords, Sebastian will be seiz'd,

And as th' aggressor will be close confin'd,

While I at large pursue my own inventions.

You understand me now ; Do you approve

My plot ?——

J U A N.



J U A N.

I am confounded :—I abhor  
Your vile contrivance : Not for worlds would I ]  
Assist you in't.—What in my conduct have  
You ever seen, that could induce you to  
Suppose I would ?

B A L T H A Z A R.

The supposition was  
Not founded on your actions, but on the  
Professions which so often you have made ;  
Your boasted friendship, now put to the test,  
Now it so fair occasion hath to blaze,  
Evaporates in air.

J U A N.

You are ungenerous, my lord ; a time  
May come when you will do me justice ; but  
I never will give sanction to your faults,  
Whatever imputations you lay on me.—  
Farewell ! my lord !—Beware—Desist in time. [*Exit.*]

B A L T H A Z A R.

Farewell ! insipid preacher !—Does he think  
I will submit my conduct to his censures ?—  
The time has been, indeed, I might have paid  
Attention to his documents ; but now,  
How dares the reptile thus presume ! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

*A Convent.**Enter BIANCA.*

B I A N C A.

Time seems to creep along with leaden feet;  
 The wretched ever find it so.—How would  
 Thy presence, my Sebastian, gild this place!  
 Could I but see thy face, and hear thy voice,  
 Even these gloomy cells would have their charms.  
 I now begin to wish I had not left thee.—  
 Forgive my well-meant cruelty.—

*Enter a Nun.*

N U N.

Madam,  
 There's one who says her name is Leonora,  
 Waits at the grate to see you. [*Exit Nun.*]

B I A N C A.

Good heaven, to what is poor Bianca destin'd!  
 Some new misfortune, for what else can bring  
 Her hither!— [*Exit.*]

*The Parlour.—LEONORA at the Grate.**Enter BIANCA.*

B I A N C A.

Say, is my Sebastian safe?  
 Speak quick, and ease my tortur'd heart.—

L E O-

L E O N O R A.

He is;

But half distracted at your hasty flight :  
 At his request I now come to intreat  
 That you—O, madam ! much I dread your anger—

B I A N C A.

Is then my asylum betrayed ?——

L E O N O R A.

To none

But Don Sebastian :—Had you seen his grief,  
 His agony of mind, you would not blame me :——  
 His sorrows pierc'd me to the very soul ;  
 I own I did inform him of the place  
 Of your retreat :—One interview is all  
 He asks.

B I A N C A.

O what a conflict hast thou rais'd  
 Within my breast !—My love does strongly plead  
 For his admittance ;—fain would I see him !  
 But O ! I fear, should he attempt to see  
 Me here, it would disclose my only refuge.  
 Can he avoid the prying eyes that will  
 Be sure to watch his steps, as the best clue  
 To guide them to Bianca ?——

[SEBASTIAN *appears at the Grate.*]

Ha—here !—Thou dear imprudent man ; my heart  
 Does bid thee welcome, tho' my fears condemn thee.

S E B A S T I A N.

Do I again behold my lovely maid ?  
 The only charmer of my soul ?—Is it

G

Once

Once more permitted me to hear that voice,  
 Whose ev'ry accent's harmony itself?  
 O! much I fear'd that I should never be  
 So blest again!—

B I A N C A.

O my Sebastian!

You know not what I've suffer'd since I saw you;  
 I will not pain thy sympathizing heart,  
 By now recounting all I have endur'd,  
 Before I could prevail upon myself  
 To enter here:—Since then I've ever been  
 A prey to grief, and unremitting sorrow.

S E B A S T I A N.

What has your anguish been to mine?—How could  
 Bianca fly me as her mortal foe?  
 Suff'ring the man who doats on her, to live  
 In all the horrors of uncertainty.  
 Forgive my doubts—but what must be that love  
 Which could admit of this?—Your friendship, your  
 Esteem, an honour is too great for me;  
 You cannot trust the man who freely would  
 For you lay down his life.

B I A N C A.

Thou dearest, best

Of men!—Increase not your Bianca's woes,  
 By censures both unjust and undeserv'd.  
 It was my love, my friendship, and esteem,  
 That did induce me thus to act.

S E B A S-



## S E B A S T I A N.

Angelic creature!—I am satisfy'd :  
 I do acknowledge thy superior worth.—  
 My doubts are vanish'd—Pardon my suspicions.

## B I A N C A.

After the wretch Balthazar had obtain'd  
 His sov'reign's sanction to his base designs,  
 I wish'd to find a sanctuary ; and knew  
 Of none but what a convent would afford.  
 Had I from you receiv'd assistance, in  
 A thousand ills I thought it might involve you :  
 Each envious tongue would have accus'd you of  
 My flight :—What mischiefs might have sprung from  
 thence,

Thy life or liberty have been the forfeit ;  
 For well I know Sebastian far too noble,  
 To save himself at the expence of truth.  
 I durst not even write to let thee know  
 I fled to save myself for thee, 'cause thy  
 Astonishment should be convincing proof,  
 That thou didst nothing know of my elopement.

## S E B A S T I A N.

My dear Bianca ! thy intent was good,  
 And shew'd a mind beyond expression great ;  
 Yet deem me not ungrateful, if I say,  
 Better I'd suffer'd in a loathsome prison,  
 Where the all-cheering sun could never enter,  
 For months or years, than for one hour to feel  
 The cruel pangs the ign'rance of thy fate  
 Hath made me suffer.

## B I A N C A.

Forgive my selfishness ; I thought I could  
 With fortitude support each ill that might  
 Befal me, while your safety was secur'd.  
 Your life and liberty I most regarded,  
 And strove to gain myself a little peace;  
 While I neglected yours.—But are we thus  
 To spend our time in fruitless altercation ?  
 Was it for this you wish'd to see Bianca ?

## S E B A S T I A N.

I wish'd once more, my lovely maid, to tell thee  
 How dear you are unto Sebastian's Heart :  
 But faint is the idea words can give,  
 Of that excess of tenderness with which  
 My soul o'erflows ; no language can express it——  
 I wish to be permitted one embrace,  
 But that sweet satisfaction is deny'd me ;  
 These cruel bars I had indeed forgot.  
 The source of all my mis'ry is Balthazar ;  
 O how I execrate the wretch !—But soft !—  
 Let ev'ry ruder passion be suppress'd  
 Whilst thou art present ;—I would not for worlds  
 Offend thee :—a few minutes more, and then  
 We part ;—have you no friendly balm in store  
 To heal the wounds a separation gives.

## B I A N C A.

Part, did you say ?—You've scarce been here a moment ;  
 Then do not go so soon :—How can I soothe  
 Thy sorrows, while within my own sad breast  
 No comfort dwells ?—Yet, if to know, that for

Thy

B I A N C A.

Thy sake, Bianca freely would resign  
The highest gifts of fortune, and prefer  
The meanest cottage with her dear Sebastian,  
To the most splendid palace where he dwelt not;  
If to know this can soften thy distress,  
Then may'st thou be consol'd.—

S E B A S T I A N.

Such an avowal could not fail to cheer  
Thy fond Sebastian, tho' the pangs of death  
Were fasten'd on him.—O my dearest love!  
How can I bid a long adieu to thee!——  
My resolution fails—I cannot speak it.—

B I A N C A.

Alas! for me a long adieu indeed.—

S E B A S T I A N.

If we should meet no more,  
If the grim monster, with relentless hand,  
Should close my eyes e'er they again behold thee;  
Cherish my mem'ry in thy gentle breast;  
Think how I've lov'd thee from my infant years,  
And yield not that dear hand unto another,  
Till you are well convinc'd that you are dear  
Unto his heart, as you are to Sebastian's.

B I A N C A.

Wherefore these sad injunctions?—O my love!  
What mean these solemn words?——

S E B A S T I A N.

Impute them to  
The damp with which I'm seiz'd:—I must be gone.—  
Yet can I leave thee thus?—O speak, my love!—

Alas!

## B I A N C A.

Alas ! convulsive sorrow stops my speech,  
Else are the kindest, tend'rest words, my dear  
Sebastian's due.——

## S E B A S T I A N.

Give me your hand, Bianca ;——  
That lovely hand, on which I've often vow'd  
Eternal truth :—and now farewell !—Whate'er  
May be my fate, may'st thou be happy !— [Exit.]

## B I A N C A.

Impossible !—My happiness in thee  
Is center'd, and O thou art sever'd from me :  
Peace in my bosom never more can dwell ;  
Corroding sorrows, misery and anguish,  
Have took possession of me.——

L E O N O R A *appears.*

## L E O N O R A.

Permit me, madam, to attend you here ;  
Your faithful Leonora can perhaps  
Alleviate your griefs.

## B I A N C A.

No.—Thou canst not—  
No human being now can help Bianca,  
Nor extricate me from surrounding evils.—  
O that 'twould please the pow'r that gave me breath,  
To cause me to resign it ! and permit  
Me to repose within the peaceful grave,  
For there the base Balthazar cannot hurt me.

L E O-



## L E O N O R A.

Do not, dear madam, thus give way to sorrow,  
For Don Sebastian's—for your uncle's sake.—

## B I A N C A.

O the ungrateful wretch! Not once to ask  
Thee of his welfare; say, is he in health,  
Does he condemn or pity his Bianca?

## L E O N O R A.

He's well, and you have all his love—his pity:—  
He mourns and wishes to know where you're fled.

## B I A N C A.

Alas! that will not be a secret long;  
I greatly fear Sebastian's coming has  
Betray'd it to a thousand prying eyes:  
'Twas wrong, and yet I know not how to chide thee:  
The little hopes I had have now forsook me,  
And I shall fall a victim to ambition.  
Haste quickly, Leonora, to Don Pedro's,  
Learn where Sebastian is, and how employ'd:  
I'm half distracted for his safety.— [*Exit Leonora.*]  
I'll go and find some dismal, gloomy place,  
Where unmolested I may weep and sigh,  
Reflect on what I've been, and what I am,  
And then my heart, furcharg'd with grief, perchance  
At once may break, and I may be at rest. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*Don BALTHAZAR'S. CLARA'S Apartments.**Enter CLARA and BEATRICE.*

C L A R A.

This does exceed my utmost expectations:—  
 Our work is done.—This cursed marriage must  
 Be for a time delay'd, if not for ever.

B E A T R I C E.

My schemes may then be set at nought.

C L A R A.

They may : For know, my Beatrice, that I have  
 Intelligence undoubted, that this hour  
 Balthazar and Sebastian meet to prove  
 Each other's courage:—May that injur'd youth  
 Bury his sword within Balthazar's heart!—

B E A T R I C E.

But, madam, he may conquer Don Sebastian,  
 Where then are all your hopes?—

C L A R A.

In either case

The injur'd Clara triumphs ; for if Don  
 Sebastian dies, then must Balthazar fly ;  
 He cannot hope the royal favour will  
 Protect a man whose hands are dipt in blood :—  
 A murderer.—My vengeance then will be  
 More perfect than if Don Sebastian conquer'd.  
 To live in exile, and bereav'd of all  
 The pageantry which he so much delights in,  
Lurking

Lurking about, and fearing to be seen ;  
 Will wring his perjur'd soul unto my wish.  
 O may he ever wander far from hence !  
 Far from his friends, and from his native land :  
 And may his evil genius ever haunt him,  
 And double on him ev'ry pang I feel !

*Enter* BALTHAZAR.

C L A R A.

Ha !—return'd !—safe and unhurt !—confusion !—  
 Yet stay—perhaps it may be but a phantom,  
 The shadow only of my vile destroyer ;  
 Which, e'er it leaves the world, does thus present  
 Itself before the wretched, ruin'd Clara.

B A L T H A Z A R.

It is no spectre, madam, that you see,  
 But corporeal substance.—

C L A R A.

Then thou art

In league with some infernal fiend, who is  
 To aid thee, do whate'er thou wilt : else thou  
 Could'st not have thus escap'd exile or death ; —  
 It is, it must be so ;—for sure I am  
 No heavenly spirit would take charge of thee :  
 They watch the innocent, and guide the just,  
 But never dwell with perfidy and guilt.

B A L T H A Z A R.

If I could stoop to prate and cavil like  
 A woman, I your accusation might

H

Retort,

Retort, and say you kept in pay one that  
Belongs to the infernal regions, to  
Bring you intelligence concerning me.

C L A R A.

I hop'd the earth e'er this had drank thy blood;  
Thou base deceiver!—With extacy I  
Could have beheld thy breathless body on  
The ground, and with the fierceness of a tyger  
Tear out thy worthless heart, and trample on it.

B A L T H A Z A R.

And is your nature, madam, then so savage?—  
I came intending to be reconciled;  
But I should act more wisely if I hold  
Thee fast in durance all thy life.

C L A R A.

Thou canst  
Not, while I've this.— [*Shewing a dagger.*]

B A L T H A Z A R.

If I will condescend  
To break my marriage with Bianca off,  
Will you in amity and peace live with me?

C L A R A.

By all my wrongs I will not, for my soul  
Disdains thee:—Have not all thy vows to me  
Been broken? and hast thou not kneel'd, and sigh'd,  
And swore to gain Bianca for thy wife?  
Canst thou then hope I ever will forgive thee?  
O! if I do, may I be ever doom'd

To



B I A N C A.

To endless anguish and unceasing woes !  
May phrenzy seize me !—May I undergo  
Such pangs as only thou deserv'st to feel.

[Exit.]

B A L T H A Z A R.

And am I thus despis'd by one whom I  
Have levell'd with the lowest of her sex ?—  
The fierce virago sets me at defiance : —  
It hurts my pride :—but shall a woman give  
Balthazar pain ?—A weak and worthless woman !  
Never, by heav'n.——

Fools are those men who let their peace depend  
On woman's smiles, and live the slaves of their  
Fantastic humours :—To such weakness I  
Was never prone ;—Balthazar ne'er will be  
A woman's tool.

[Exit.]

*Re-enter* CLARA.

C L A R A.

Now female wiles and artifice assist me ;—  
I fear Don Juan is not for my purpose ;  
Could I enslave him by my arts, yet would  
He be united to dishonour ?—Never.—  
May vengeance reach the wretch who thus debas'd me !  
But Juan may accept me for a mistress ;——  
O horrid, horrid thought !—To fall still lower !—  
Yet what is it to which I'd not submit,  
If it will forward my desir'd revenge ?—  
Then can I mould his heart unto my wish,  
Make him the instrument of retribution ;  
For all my injuries from Don Balthazar,

H 2

His

His sword shall do me right :—But first, I'll gall  
 Him, with pretended fondness for his rival;  
 And if a spark of love remains within  
 His breast, 'twill light into a blaze that will  
 Be death to his repose.—This is the time  
 That I expect Don Juan.—See—he comes.

*Enter Don JUAN.*

C L A R A.

This kindness from you, sir, in my distress,  
 Will almost reconcile me to your sex;  
 All whom I've with malignity beheld  
 For some time past.—

J U A N.

All of my sex could not  
 Combine against you; it is then unjust  
 To hate the whole;—the guiltless with the guilty.

C L A R A.

Don Juan, I have a request to make:—  
 I wish to find a faithful friend, within  
 Whose breast I might repose each sorrow of  
 My heart;—could you, Sir, find me such a one?

J U A N.

Madam,——

My small acquaintance with the female world  
 Makes me unfit for such a task.—

C L A R A.

Perhaps

I did not wish to find a female friend :  
 Is there not one amongst your lordly race

That

That I might trust?—What think you, Sir, of the Platonic system?

J U A N.

As a mere chimera,  
Which in the theory may seem enchanting,  
But which cannot be practis'd.—I must own,  
These questions do appear most strange from you;—  
Such an aversion you so lately felt  
For all mankind, to be so quickly chang'd,  
Is wonderful.

C L A R A.

While human nature's frail,  
So long will instantaneous changes oft  
Be wrought within the breast; sometimes caprice—  
Sometimes the little winged deity  
Presides, and makes us inconsistent.

J U A N.

I thought Balthazar, madam, was your friend.

C L A R A.

O name him not!—I hate the wretch:—There is  
A man that's worthy of my best regards;  
In whom each noble quality is center'd:—  
Would he but be my friend, perhaps I might  
Reward him with my love.

J U A N.

Madam!—

C L A R A.

Can you

Not guess?—Will you not save me from the pain—  
The shame of saying—it is—Juan.

J U A N.

J U A N.

I may appear ungrateful, madam, but  
Your proffer'd favour I cannot accept :  
Honour and justice,—things of equal import,  
Oblige me to decline it.

C L A R A.

Is it thus

My condescension is repaid?—Is then  
My friendship and my love refus'd?—thou cold  
Insensible!—

J U A N.

I'm not insensible

To beauty, madam;—you have charms that might  
Subdue an anchorite!

C L A R A.

Yet you reject me :—

Do I then live to be rejected?—Is  
The first request I ever made refus'd?—  
O think what I must undergo, e're I  
Could deign to meanly sue, and to intreat;—  
And then to be thus scorn'd!—despis'd!—

J U A N.

Madam,

Excuse my frankness, but I must confess  
That mere externals cannot touch my heart,  
Tho' for a moment they attract my eye.—  
Who would esteem the finest casket that  
The most ingenious artist ever form'd,  
If nought but dross was to be found therein?—  
A woman with but half of Clara's charms,  
Whose innocence unsullied, and whose virtue

Was



Was proof 'gainst all alluring baits that men  
 Will lay t'ensnare, and to betray your sex,  
 I would contend for, tho' a monarch lov'd her;  
 But, madam, you have liv'd with Don Balthazar,  
 The life of honour, libertines would call it,  
 But I abhor that life ;—then on what terms  
 Can we commence a friendship?

C L A R A.

O whither shall the wretched Clara fly,  
 To hide her from the world, and from herself?—  
 My life has been a varied scene of woes :—  
 When most I needed a fond parent's care,  
 I lost them both ;—their fortunes too were broken,  
 And I was left a poor and friendless orphan. [*Weeps.*]  
 In those sad moments Don Balthazar came—  
 Vice seem'd not then so terrible as poverty—  
 Curse on the hour I yielded to the wretch !—  
 He vow'd—he swore never to take a wife,  
 But soon he broke his oaths, as you well know.—  
 My love is now turn'd to the fiercest hate.—  
 What have I more to plead in my defence,  
 But that I'm weak, and you are too, too charming?—

J U A N.

Unhappy fair !—I pity your hard fate ;—  
 So far as fortune is concern'd, you may  
 Command me.—

C L A R A.

Pity !—O thou know'st not what  
 It is ;—with what a cold indifference  
 You heard my tale !—How could I hope to find  
 Compassion

Compassion from a man?—Ye're savage all—  
Your hearts are made of adamant:—no soft  
Materials blended in the stony mass.

J U A N.

How can you thus deform so fine a face  
By passion?—It is beauty's greatest foe;  
And will not that induce you to discard it?—  
But now I take my leave, my visit may  
Grow tedious.

C L A R A.

To yourself:—But think not you  
Shall thus depart triumphant, and to make  
The undone Clara sport for fools.—This shall  
Prevent it.—— [*Offers to stab him, he wrests the dagger  
from her.*]

J U A N.

Abandon'd woman!——

To what a pitch of wickedness thou'rt wrought!—  
I will not hurt your life, though you have made  
A vile attempt on mine;—for me you're safe;—  
But know that there will come a time, when the  
Awaken'd monitor within will make  
Thee feel the torments of the damn'd; and thy  
Black soul shall tremble, and shall fear to quit  
Its tenement of clay, lest it should be  
Receiv'd into th' infernal regions.  
A strictly virtuous woman is an angel;—  
But once your virtue lost, you, step by step,  
Immerge yourselves in ev'ry kind of vice,

Until

Until you're very fiends :—as such you now  
Appear.

[Exit.]

C L A R A.

Thy better genius hath prevail'd,  
And shame, disgrace, and sorrow is my portion.—  
Is it not better to explore those paths  
That lead to worlds unknown, than thus to live?—  
But who will then avenge me of Balthazar?—  
Shall he escape the punishment he merits?—  
By heav'n he shall not ;—for this feeble arm  
Shall pierce his heart ;—and then I'll nobly dare  
To quit these stormy seas, and venture on  
Those coasts, from whence no voyager e'er came  
To tell of his reception.

[Exit.]



I

ACT.



# ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Convent.*—LEONORA *at the Gate.*

*Enter* BIANCA.

BIANCA.

WHAT of my love?—  
O quickly speak, lest apprehension kill me!

LEONORA.

Alas! madam, Sebastian has been too  
Regardless of his safety.—

BIANCA.

And has death  
Then robb'd me of my dear Sebastian?—  
Is he for ever gone from his Bianca?—  
Is it not so?—O speak!—Yet do not, for  
'Twill stab me to the heart.

LEONORA.

Madam, he lives;  
But where, I fear to say.—

BIANCA.

You keep me on  
The rack—No more evasions, but be quick,  
And tell me all.

LEONORA.

In vain were your intreaties;—  
This morn Balthazar and your lover met,

When



When he by numbers quickly was surrounded,  
Who, spite of his resistance, did disarm  
And bear him off to prison.

B I A N C A.

Prison!—O!—

It is too much—I cannot long support it:—  
How durst they do it?—O the savage monsters!—  
They must be authoriz'd by Don Balthazar;  
He is the cause of this.—O Leonora!— [*Weeps.*]

L E O N O R A.

Be comforted, my dearest lady, think  
How much more cause you would have had to mourn  
If they had fought, and Don Sebastian fell  
A lifeless corps.—

B I A N C A.

A prison!—O shall my  
Sebastian be depriv'd of wholesome air;  
Shut up from ev'ry friend, and ev'ry comfort?—  
Perhaps in darkness too.—Better had been  
Among fierce tygers, bears, and wolves, than in  
The power of that minion, for he knows  
No mercy:—But Bianca will release him:—  
I'll bribe his guards to let me pass, and with  
Me will I take a woman's dress; in that  
My love shall be disguis'd; then may he quit  
His horrid dwelling most securely, while  
I occupy his place, and hug my chains.

L E O N O R A.

That scheme's impracticable, yet you may  
Give Don Sebastian freedom when you please.

I 2

B I A N C A.

B I A N C A.

O how!—this instant tell me.—What would I  
Not do for his enlargement!—Best of men!

L E O N O R A.

His liberty—his life depends on you.

B I A N C A.

What mystery lies hid beneath thy words?  
Explain, my Leonora, for I can  
Meet difficulties, dangers, death undaunted,  
For his dear sake, in whom alone I live.

L E O N O R A.

Can you consent to be Balthazar's wife?

B I A N C A.

I never, never can unite myself  
Unto a wretch who's blasted all my joys.

L E O N O R A.

'Tis scarce an hour since that I receiv'd  
Don Pedro's orders to attend him: in  
His hand he held a paper, while sobs heav'd  
His breast, and tears stood trembling in his eyes:  
When thus he spake.—“ I charge you, Leonora,  
“ If you know where my child's conceal'd, delay  
“ Not to acquaint her of Sebastian's danger;  
“ Tell her Balthazar swears he dies, unless  
“ Bianca will consent to be his wife;  
“ On that condition only he will soon  
“ Be free; Balthazar also says, that it  
“ Were best I quickly find her, lest it be  
“ Too late to save Sebastian.” Here he ceas'd

To

To speak ;—I have obey'd his orders with  
Reluctance ; for to be the messenger  
Of woe to you, is grief severe to me.

B I A N C A.

And is this really so?—Am I awake,  
Or do I dream?—O no ! tis real all——  
I feel it is, and I am lost for ever.

L E O N O R A.

What shall I say unto Don Pedro, madam?——  
You must immediately resolve on something.

B I A N C A.

O ask me not !——my soul is torn in pieces !——  
Can I consent to wed the man I hate?——  
Or can I be the murderer of my love?——  
O what a sad alternative!—But should  
I sacrifice myself, would he accept  
His life on such hard terms?—O no ! he would  
Disdain to owe his life to my destruction.

L E O N O R A.

Then must he die :——Suppose you now return  
Unto your uncle's—Send for Don Balthazar,  
And try if your pathetic grief will have  
No influence on his harden'd heart;—intreat,  
Beseech him to preserve Sebastian.——

B I A N C A.

Peace,

Thy counsel's foolish; there is that within  
My heart that eloquently pleads for my  
Sebastian's life with energetic force;——  
Freely would I resign my own for his ;

But

But can I ever be Balthazar's wife?—  
 I'm well convinc'd that my Sebastian would  
 Prefer the cruel'st death, knowing me faithful,  
 Unto existence purchas'd by my falshood.—  
 Yet can I let him die?—Must I destroy  
 His peace for ever, or behold him murder'd?—  
 O how I tremble at the thoughts of either!—  
 Why am I forc'd to be thus merciless!—  
 I will go with thee, Leonora, for  
 It must be so, whate'er th' event may prove.—  
 Where,—O where's my guardian-angel fled?—  
 Return, thou heavenly being, to thy charge;  
 And let not innocence be thus cast down,  
 While guilt triumphant reigns.— [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

DON PEDRO'S.

*Enter DON PEDRO and DON BALTHAZAR.*

B A L T H A Z A R.

Is the fair fugitive return'd?—Or does  
 She still refuse the honours that await her?

P E D R O.

I know not if she ever will return :  
 Of her and her designs I'm uninform'd.  
 You, Don Balthazar, caus'd my lovely child  
 To be an alien ;—caus'd her thus to feel  
 A double portion of distress :—the man,

Who



Who next to her, is dearest to my heart,  
 You have undone; and, after these base deeds,  
 An old man's wretchedness may seem a trifle.

B A L T H A Z A R.

I disavow your charge, my lord; I would  
 Exalt Bianca; but if she renounce  
 Her happiness, and thus embitter your  
 Declining days, am I to blame?—Have I  
 Undone your friend, my lord?—Rather accuse  
 His malice, and his headstrong passions, that  
 Induc'd him to request a meeting with me.  
 His challenge by superior power is  
 Deem'd an assault, and he must take th'effects  
 His rashness will produce, unless the fair  
 Bianca can be found.

P E D R O.

I fain would know  
 How these proceedings did transpire; you could  
 Unfold this mystery, you can disclose  
 How Don Sebastian's ruin has been plann'd;  
 Your instruments at hand to seize him, and  
 The king acquainted with the whole transaction.—  
 Answer me, Sir, How was this done?—

B A L T H A Z A R.

No more  
 Of these interrogations, Sir;—they are—  
 I will not now say what, lest I should fail  
 In the respect that's due unto the friend  
 And guardian of Bianca.

P E D R O.

P E D R O.

Mock me not,

My lord ; 'tis not the outward gesture, nor  
 A seeming shew of rev'rence I would have ;  
 If you respect me, let your actions shew it ;  
 Fly quickly, and procure Sebastian's freedom,  
 Expecting no reward but what your heart,  
 Your self-approving heart bestows ,—great is  
 The recompence that flows from virtuous actions.—  
 Sweet are the joys that recollection gives  
 When we have acted worthy of ourselves,

B A L T H A Z A R.

This lesson might be useful unto those  
 Who are withheld by priestcraft from their wishes,  
 Whose fears are curbs unto their inclinations ;  
 But I, that freely think, will freely act :  
 I've long rejected all the slavish bonds  
 Our preachers do enjoin, and think that all  
 Their intellectual phantoms of delight,  
 Are too dear bought, if bought with self-denial :  
 By heav'n, I would not quit one purpose of  
 My soul, though men and devils should oppose it.

P E D R O.

Your whole proceedings shew you are a villain ;  
 There needs not this to satisfy me of it.

B A L T H A Z A R.

A villain !—Yet I will be calm.—But know  
 These insults will not be forgot.

P E D R O.

P E D R O.

This house

Protects you, Sir, else should this unnerv'd arm  
Avenge Bianca's and Sebastian's wrongs,  
Though on a wretch beneath my notice.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Ha !

The verriest reptile that crawls o'er the earth,  
Will not receive indignities with tameness ;  
And shall Balthazar ?—Draw, my Lord—Let not  
Punctilio's now be thought of.—

*[They draw, Bianca rushes between them.]*

*Enter* BIANCA, *and* LEONORA.

B I A N C A.

Save—O save ! *[Faints.]*

B A L T H A Z A R.

Return'd !—This does exceed my hopes.

L E O N O R A.

Help !—Help !—Alas I fear  
Her gentle spirit is for ever fled ;  
Such a surprize her weaken'd frame could not  
Support.

P E D R O.

O Bianca !—Child of my heart——  
Thou dearest object of my tend'rest love——  
Speak !——  
See there !—Behold thy work, and triumph in it.

*[To Balthazar.]*

K

B A L-

B A L T H A Z A R.

See, she revives.—This is not now a time  
To put in execution our designs :—  
At present let our wrath subside.

B I A N C A.

Where is

My friend—my father !—But I have forgot  
Balthazar kill'd him—O hide me from him,  
My Leonora——See how horrible  
He looks.——

P E D R O.

Alas ! alas ! she knows me not.—  
Be calm, my child,—I live and am unhurt.

B I A N C A.

Ha !—Hark !—That surely was Don Pedro's voice——  
Or what is that in so rever'd a form ?——

P E D R O.

Collect thy wand'ring senses, my Bianca ;  
It is thy uncle clasps thee to his bosom.

B I A N C A.

O happiness !—He lives—Who sav'd you from  
Balthazar's brutal fury ?

B A L T H A Z A R. [Kneels to Bianca.]

Soften that

Expression, madam, and forgive me for  
Thus yielding to the dictates of resentment :  
I might urge much in my defence ; but I  
Decline it, and arraign myself :—I do  
Not plead—I only sue for pardon.

B I A N C A.



## B I A N C A.

Canst thou then hope for my forgiveness, till  
 Sebastian is releas'd?—Until his life  
 Is safe?—Insure me that, and then receive  
 My pardon and my thanks together.

## B A L T H A Z A R.

I shall entitled be to both ere long:—  
 When you are mine, indissolubly mine,  
 I swear that Don Sebastian shall be free,  
 And all that's past be buried in oblivion.

## P E D R O.

Concerns of much importance call me hence;  
 But you, my child, attend to what the vile  
 Incendiary has to say:—Sebastian's life  
 Is in his pow'r—Yet I advise you not—  
 Your reason and your judgment must direct you:  
 What you determine on shall meet with my  
 Concurrence. Greatly I rejoice to see thee,  
 But 'tis a pleasure intermixt with pain;  
 A joy with sorrow pregnant.

[Exit.]

## B I A N C A.

My lord, if all compassion is not quite  
 Extinguish'd in your breast;—if all the woes  
 You've heap'd upon Bianca, move you not,  
 Yet let this humble posture, [*Kneels*] let my tears  
 And my intreaties touch your soul, and force  
 You to bestow the boon I ask:—Forego  
 The right our cruel king has given you o'er me,  
 And spare—O spare my ever dear Sebastian!—  
 Then will I bless you with my latest breath.

K 2

B A L

B A L T H A Z A R.

Rise—in pity, madam, rise :—You ask  
Compassion, yet have none for me, else you'd  
Not stab me thus by pleading for my rival.

B I A N C A.

In his dear cause for ever could I plead ;—  
O my Sebastian !—Life of my life !—Why,  
O why wert thou torn from me ?—Why are we  
Thus put asunder, while the tenderest love  
Cónjoins our souls ?—

B A L T H A Z A R.

You cannot hope that these  
Fond exclamations will avail, or raise  
Aught in my breast but jealous rage ?

B I A N C A.

Perhaps  
They will not, neither do I know what will :  
Though my petition reach your ears, it has  
Not touch'd your heart, for that's inexorable.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Do not imagine I will give you up ;  
All efforts to that end will be in vain :  
Then cease to ask the only thing I can  
Refuse.

B I A N C A.

O think what horrors will attend  
An union with one whose soul detests you !—  
Sebastian is the object of my love,  
And you of my abhorrence.—Think on that.

B A L-

B A L T H A Z A R.

Madam, I do ;—yet it deters me not :—  
Such an opinion do I entertain  
Of your discretion, and your virtue, that  
This cruel and ungen'rous declaration  
Dismays me not ;—these will secure my bliss,  
Tho' love at first be wanting.

B I A N C A.

Th' aversion that I have conceiv'd to you,  
Is deeply rooted in my heart ;—no length  
Of time, no change in life, can ever force  
It thence, nor lessen my affection for  
Sebastian ;—then abandon your pretensions,  
And do not drive me to despair and madness.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Wherefore this discomposure ?—You'd do well  
To banish it ;—my resolution's fixt—  
You must be mine.—A time may come, when this  
My perseverance may be deem'd no crime.—  
Until maturer reason puts to flight  
Their wild ideas, ladies of your age  
Do often entertain romantic notions.—

B I A N C A.

Romantic notions !—Just heaven !—  
But sure you sport with my misfortunes, and  
With joy malignant view the wreck you've made  
Of all my better prospects, and my peace.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Unkindly and unjustly urg'd ;—but while  
We spend the time in fruitless controversy,  
Perhaps Sebastian breathes his last.

B I A N C A.

B I A N C A.

Ha!—What mean you?—

B A L T H A Z A R.

Long before now the sentence is pronounc'd:  
 As an affassin he is doom'd to death,  
 Unless you will commission me to gain  
 His pardon:—the conditions you well know.—  
 You'd better make a merit of your yielding,  
 And save a life so very precious to you:—  
 I swear by all that's sacred you shall pay  
 A strict obedience to the king's command.

B I A N C A.

O fly, my lord!—avert the fatal blow!—  
 O let my dear Sebastian live, and then  
 Return and plunge your sword into my breast;  
 Then will I say Balthazar is grown kind;  
 Thousands of benedictions will I give  
 Until the ebbing tide of life runs slow  
 And stops my utterance.—

B A L T H A Z A R.

Still inflexible?—

But I have done:—I leave you, madam, to  
 Repent at leisure.

[Exit.]

B I A N C A.

Must then Sebastian die, and I the cause?—  
 Shall I permit the lovely youth to fall?—  
 O no!—it must not be.—O rather let  
 Me plunge myself into the gulph of horrors  
 Opened for me;—haste, Leonora, and  
 Intreat the tyrant to return. [Exit LEONORA.]  
 Yet how can I resolve?—This trial is

Too



Too great :—I must not trifle ; for an hour,  
A moment's time, may bring perdition on me.

*Re-enter* BALTHAZAR *and* LEONORA.

B I A N C A.

The struggle's o'er, and love,—unbounded love,  
At length does force me, 'gainst my reason and  
All previous resolutions, to——

B A L T H A Z A R.

I'm all

Attention, madam.—Pray proceed.——

B I A N C A.

I cannot ;——

Something lies here, and stops articulation.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Permit me, madam, to interpret for you.——  
The moment I've deliver'd Don Sebastian,  
You'll look upon yourself as wholly mine ;  
And let the marriage rites be solemniz'd  
Whene'er I ask it.

B I A N C A.

Yes.—I will devote

Myself to wretchedness and woe, to give  
Sebastian what he will not thank me for.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Confirm your promise—Swear you will be mine.

B I A N C A.

By all our fairs, I will.——

B A L-

B A L T H A Z A R.

Madam, enough;—

Expect me soon :—I haste to prove myself  
Sincere in what I have engag'd for ; then  
Think not I'll live divided from you long. [Exit.]

B I A N C A.

What have I done ?—To what have I consented ?—  
See !—my Sebastian's coming to upbraid me !—  
To call me cruel—fickle—perjur'd—false.  
O do not look thus sternly on me, for  
I've suffer'd much ;—reproach me not.—He will  
Not speak :—He's gone ; and gave me such a look  
Of cold contempt !—

L E O N O R A.

Let me support you to  
Your chamber, madam.—

B I A N C A.

Rather lead me to  
Some desert wild, and help me dig a place  
To hide me in, where I may lay forgot,  
And sleep in peace, releas'd from all my cares.  
[Exeunt.]

## S C E N E III.

*The Prison.**Enter* Don SEBASTIAN.

S E B A S T I A N.

Imprison'd !—and without a cause assign'd :—  
Hurry'd off at the very moment, when  
My heart beat high, in expectation of

A period

A period to the agonizing pangs  
 I've long sustain'd:—To be defeated thus,—  
 Thus torn from all my hopes, and from Bianca:—  
 It is not to be borne.—What may she not  
 Endure!—My bosom burns with love and rage!  
 Despair and fury harrow up my soul.

*Enter DON PEDRO and Donna CATHERINA.*

S E B A S T I A N.

My mother and my friend!—Is't possible?

C A T H E R I N A.

And is it given me once more to hold  
 Thee thus my son?—[*Embracing him.*] The joy I feel  
 in this

Propitious moment, scarce compensates for  
 My fears and terrors for thy life.

S E B A S T I A N.

If words

Should fail me, if I am deficient in  
 Declaring what I feel, and cannot thank  
 You as I ought for your maternal goodness;  
 Impute it not to want of duty, or  
 Of love:—And you, my lord, excuse the wretch  
 Who cannot now receive you as he ought:—  
 But O! if you compassionate Sebastian,  
 Quick tell me if the charmer of my soul  
 Is still secure from arbitrary force?

P E D R O.

Be satisfy'd in hearing that you are,  
 And ever will be dear unto Bianca;  
 More you shall know when we depart from hence.

L

C A T H E-

## C A T H E R I N A.

And as the greatest proof of her affection,  
 You owe your life and liberty to her :—  
 Ere this I'd lost my child, but for Bianca,  
 And now had been bereav'd of life or reason.

## S E B A S T I A N.

And who invested my Bianca with  
 Such power ?—Let her take care—O let her  
 Not barter for it honour and her faith :—  
 What's life or liberty to me, if she  
 Abandon me ?—Where is she ?—Speak—The worst  
 That you can tell me I'm prepar'd to hear.

## P E D R O.

Do not think hardly of my niece ;—she well  
 Deserves your best regards ;—you may in time  
 Acknowledge you are much indebted to her.

## C A T H E R I N A.

Let's leave this place ; your questions then shall all  
 Be answer'd.

## S E B A S T I A N.

No—never, by heav'n, until  
 I know the utmost malice of my fate ;—  
 Until I am inform'd of ev'ry thing  
 That does relate to my belov'd Bianca, —  
 No force till then shall drag me from my prison.

## C A T H E R I N A.

Alas ! my son, I know not how to tell  
 You aught that may induce you to believe  
 The gift you now receive unworthy your

Acceptance,

Acceptance, and may make a mother's peace  
Of no account.

S E B A S T I A N.

My soul is rooted on  
Bianca:—Tell me all—do not delay,  
Unless you wish to see me bleeding at  
Your feet:—Is she not lost to me?—If so,  
I have no business in this hateful world.

C A T H E R I N A.

Refrain these passions for a mother's sake,  
Whose being does depend upon her son.

P E D R O.

Say, Don Sebastian, what would you have done  
To save Bianca from a death of shame  
And infamy?—What sacrifice would you  
Have thought too great t'accomplish that? Then think  
With pity on the lovely victim, who  
On no consideration thought, but on  
Your safety:—Bought you at no less a price  
Than by resigning all she wish'd to live for;  
And gave her hand this very morn unto  
The man her soul detests—to Don Balthazar.

S E B A S T I A N.

And is Bianca then Balthazar's wife?—  
And has no thunderbolt descended yet,  
To crush the faithless—perjur'd—cruel fair?—  
Curse on the vile pretence, by which she hath  
Undone me.—Chains, tortures, not death itself,  
Is half so dreadful as the hell she's rais'd

L 2

Within



Within my breast; but let her not suppose  
That I will long enjoy her cruel gift :  
No obligation will I owe to the  
Perfidious woman ;—this shall set me free.—

*[Draws his sword, and endeavours to stab himself.*

*Catherina and Pedro prevent him.]*

C A T H E R I N A.

O Sebastian !——

Is all your boasted duty come to this ?——  
Is this the recompence for all my cares ?——  
Would you bereave me of my only comfort ?—  
I've liv'd too long—my child regards me not.

S E B A S T I A N.

Oh ! 'tis beyond endurance !—and have you,  
My lord, consented to this deed ?——I thought  
That you had been my friend ;—but you, I find,  
Are leagu'd with that deceiver to undo me.—  
Leave me to feast in all the luxury  
Of woe :—Dear madam, spare your son the pain  
Of having you a witness to his weakness.

C A T H E R I N A.

I cannot leave you thus :—Do not persist  
In such a harsh request.—My dearest son,  
You soon will bring me to my native dust .  
All but your want of filial love I could  
Support.

P E D R O.

When reason does resume her throne,  
When you reflect on this ungen'rous treatment  
Of one to whom you are more dear than life,

A soul

A soul like your's will be deeply wounded.—  
If aught else but your life had been at stake,  
Bianca had not been devoted to destruction.—  
My child will never bless me with her smiles  
Again.—Could you behold in her who late  
So happy was — the picture of despair ;—  
One moment raving in a perfect phrenzy,  
The next in such a state of stupefaction ;  
'Twould make you say her suff'rings merit pity,  
Though you, perhaps, would stifle or suppress  
The soft emotion in your breast.

S E B A S T I A N.

It is

Resolv'd—I once more will behold Bianca——  
Die at her feet—there's pleasure in that thought. [*Aside.*]  
Lead me from hence where'er you please, I'm now  
Impatient to be gone :—Swift let me fly——  
Each moment is an age—What mean these tears ?  
I shall ere long be more compos'd, if Don  
Balthazar's bride will let me.——

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

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# ACT V. SCENE I.

CLARA'S.

*Enter CLARA.*

CLARA.

**T**H' indignities I have receiv'd are not  
 To be endur'd:—How durst he treat me thus?—  
 Are all his fair professions come to this?—  
 Forc'd from his palace!—But I'll be reveng'd.  
 How different a face all nature wears  
 To what it did appear with, when my days  
 Roll'd on in calm serenity and peace,  
 And innocence enliven'd ev'ry scene!—  
 But now the very sun-beams are offensive:—  
 'Twould please me well, was all around me dark  
 And gloomy as my mind;—if I could see  
 The elements contend, while thunder broke  
 Upon the ear with horrid sounds, and with  
 Such force as would the very center shake,  
 Unless the lightning, far distending with  
 Terrific blaze, illumines for a moment,  
 And then shuts in to make the gloom more dreadful.—  
 This well would suit with my tempestuous soul;—

*Enter*

*Enter* BEATRICE.

C L A R A.

Com'st thou to tell me thy commission is  
 Attended with success?—Or hast thou fail'd  
 In this important business?—If thou hast  
 Thou would'st do well to shun me, lest in rage  
 I do a deed would make the world abhor me.

BEATRICE.

'Tis done unto your wish; a female slave  
 Of Don Balthazar's, undertakes this night  
 To bring you to a closet near his chamber:  
 She first reluctant seem'd, until a purse  
 Of dollars banish'd all objections, and  
 Subservient made her to your will.

C L A R A.

'Tis well.—

Balthazar now, now for retaliation!—  
 My vengeance shall be great,—it shall be ample.—  
 Fetch me a dagger.—[*Exit Beat.*] The sense I have of all  
 My wrongs from that vile man, has quite suppress'd  
 Each softer passion:—Tears flow not from my eyes,  
 No love, no tenderness, nor pity dwells  
 Within my breast; no woman's softness hangs  
 About me; neither do I shudder at  
 The thought of what I'm going to perpetrate.

*Enter* BEATRICE. [*Gives the dagger.*]

Welcome thou little implement of Death,  
 Thrice welcome;—I'd not part with thee for all

The.

The Indies wealth ; thou art a treasure to  
The wretched Clara.

B E A T R I C E.

Were I well endow'd  
With all the powers of persuasion, you  
Should never enter Don Balthazar's house ;  
For something tells me 'twill be fatal to you.—  
That dagger too—consider well, reflect  
Ere 'tis too late :—Forgive this liberty  
Occasioned by my fears.

C L A R A.

Away !—Dost think  
Thy terrors can intimidate a soul  
Like mine ?—By nature dauntless, fierce, ill-form'd  
To bear controul :—I charge thee hold thy peace :—  
Attend me in my chamber ;—as thou'st been  
A true and faithful servant, I will make  
Thee what amends I can ; the little all  
I now possess, shall be thy own.

B E A T R I C E.

You kill me, madam, by this cruel kindness.

C L A R A.

But it must be on one condition only :  
Swear you will never trust a man, nor let  
Your heart be soften'd by their flatt'ring speeches ;  
Lest you should be undone thereby, and curse  
The sex as I do.—O ! beware of love,  
And its alluring form ;—beneath its smiles  
Ten thousand poisons lie conceal'd ;—but yet,

A love



A love to which fair Virtue gives her sanction,  
Must be unlike the love that I have known.—  
O how I execrate the wretch, who cut  
Off all my joys, and brought me to perdition.

## S C E N E II.

*Don Balthazar's.*

*Enter DON BALTHAZAR, and BIANCA in Mourning.*

B A L T H A Z A R.

Madam,  
This habit ill befits your bridal day;  
You're now my wife, and should in all respects  
Consult my pleasure; and not listen to  
The dictates of your own capricious fancy:  
But if that has no weight, remember 'tis  
The day that gives the highly favour'd Don  
Sebastian life and freedom!—You'd not be  
Suppos'd to mourn for that:—The well-dispos'd  
Bianca in so short a time cannot  
Repent of her amazing bounty.

B I A N C A.

Add

Not insult to the heavy burden of  
My woes;—name not the injur'd Don Sebastian;  
I have undone him; better he had dy'd  
In peace.—But speak not of th' unhappy youth,  
His dear idea brings distraction with it.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Is this the best reception you can give  
Your husband, madam?—Would you entertain

M

Him

Him with a tale of your licentious love?—  
 I'm jealous of my honour to a nice  
 Degree, and caution you to set a guard  
 On all your words and actions, for I shall  
 Most carefully observe them all. And mark  
 Me well—If ever I should find you swerve  
 From what's the chiefest glory of your sex,  
 The punishment of one that's tortur'd on  
 The rack shall be as light to your's.—

B I A N C A.

I do  
 Deserve more cruel tortures than are in  
 Thy power to inflict, for breach of faith,  
 And violating all the solemn vows  
 I made unto Sebastian;—my timid soul  
 Trembled with fears, and from a weakness not  
 To be excus'd, I could not let him die.—  
 But O! 'twere better we had dy'd together,  
 Then in the grave we might have been united.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Presumptuous woman!—

How dare you thus provoke my fury?

B I A N C A.

Nothing can be more welcome than your rage;  
 It is not half so dreadful as your love.—  
 Were all the dreary mansions of the dead  
 To give up their inhabitants, and were  
 Their ghostly forms to glide from morn to night  
 Before my eyes, it would not shock me half  
 So much as any shew of love from you.

B A L-

## B A L T H A Z A R.

At once to ease you of your apprehensions,  
 Know that my heart has never felt one soft  
 Emotion in your favour:—It was from  
 Quite diff'rent motives that I made you mine:  
 I'd other views—views which no power on earth  
 Can frustrate now:—You are the tool of my  
 Ambition, not the object of my love.—  
 Your fortune, madam, was the only charm  
 For which I sigh'd; had you been old, deform'd,  
 And frightful, I'd with equal ardor made  
 My suit, then let no thoughts of my regard  
 Affright you.

## B I A N C A.

Grant me one request, my lord;  
 As all your purposes are answer'd, leave me,  
 For ever leave me—'twill be over soon,  
 For oh! 'tis sure my grief will quickly kill me;  
 Let me then quit this hateful world in peace,  
 Your presence doubles all my woes;—I would,  
 While life is lent me, think upon Sebastian;  
 I would, if possible, be calm amidst  
 These storms, because they soon will waft me to  
 A joyful haven;—thither will my lov'd  
 Sebastian come:—that peace that was deny'd  
 Us here, we shall enjoy together there,  
 In perfect happiness, and bliss unfading.

## B A L T H A Z A R.

To what does all this whining tend?—Away  
 With these accursed arts —Balthazar was

Not form'd to be a woman's dupe :—Think you  
 I am so weak as to withdraw myself,  
 To give you opportunity to bring  
 Your idol to you unobserv'd ?——  
 Myself will be the guardian of my honour,  
 And since I find my presence does torment you,  
 I'll oft enjoy your pangs :—At present I  
 Will leave you :—Go, and learn subjection and  
 Obedience to a husband's will.—— [Exit.]

B I A N C A.

A husband !—

O heav'n !—Could vows prophan'd before the altar,  
 Vows which my heart could never give assent to,  
 Deliver'd in a state but little short  
 Of madness ;—this sure could not constitute  
 An union :—Had I but met my dear  
 Contracted lord——but O !—I must not think  
 On that, it conjures up ten thousand furies :  
 'Tis horrid !---insupportable !---and must  
 I never see him more ? ?—Will he not bless  
 Me with one look, and with his kind forgiveness ?——  
 No rancour harbours in his gentle bosom.——  
 Ha !—here !—support me heaven !——

*Enter* DON SEBASTIAN.

S E B A S T I A N.

Well may you start ;  
 Well may Sebastian fill your mind with terror ;  
 That mind that once was white and pure as snow,  
 Tho' now 'tis blacken'd with the deepest dye.

BIANCA.



## B I A N C A.

When will the measure of my woes be full!—  
Upbraid me not, but pity me:—Speak peace  
And comfort to my tortur'd soul; for O!  
So dreadful is your anger that 'twill kill me.  
All I have done, was done for love of you.

## S E B A S T I A N.

Can cruelty like thine be caus'd by love?—  
Bianca, thou hast giv'n a mortal wound  
Unto my peace; the cruel'st death would have  
Been mercy, when compar'd to what I now  
Endure;—for art thou not Balthazar's wife?—  
How art thou sunk below thy native worth!—  
I thought your innate goodness would have made  
You look on solemn vows as things that should  
Be sacred held;—but I have been deceiv'd.——

## B I A N C A.

You've not.—Forgive my weakness—Spare, O spare  
Your poor Bianca, who already bends  
Beneath the heavy burden of her sorrows.

## S E B A S T I A N.

It is a burden that yourself have chosen;  
You took it up involuntary, but  
What are your sorrows to the hell you have  
Plung'd me into?——

## B I A N C A.

You dwell upon my crime;  
Bestow one thought on my inducement to it,  
And look upon me with a kinder aspect.

S E B A S-



## S E B A S T I A N.

Whate'er I think on ends in this reflection,  
 You're now another's wife, and lost to me :—  
 'Tis not in human nature to endure it——  
 It burns my brains, and tears my soul in pieces.

## B I A N C A.

Would I could give thee comfort, for thou art  
 More dear to thy Bianca, than is life  
 To one who fears to quit the world ; dearer  
 Than fight to those who long have been in darkness.

## S E B A S T I A N.

It cannot be—It is impossible.

## B I A N C A.

Heaven is my witness——

## S E B A S T I A N.

Stop, Bianca.—Do  
 Not swear ; make no more vows ; lest you again  
 Should break them.—I am come to view thy face,  
 That lovely face, once more, and take a last  
 Farewell.—Give me your hand.—Yet do not, for  
 It is Balthazar's, and your touch is poison ;  
 Scorpions lie hid beneath your beauties ;—I  
 Too late have found it so—they've stung me deeply—  
 But now to execute my purpose, and  
 To shew you I disdain the life you gave me,  
 That's now not worth my care ;—I here resign it,  
 And end at once these agonizing pangs.

*[Offers to stab himself, Bianca prevents him.]*

B I A N C A.

## B I A N C A.

Sebastian—O! my dear, ador'd Sebastian!—  
 Do not distress me thus; your life is mine,  
 That precious life which I've so dearly ransom'd:—  
 Forbear this rashness, or first plunge your sword  
 Within my breast, and let my eyes be clos'd,  
 Ere you attempt the horrid deed—O! stay! [*Faints.*]

## S E B A S T I A N.

Distraction!—O! what have I done!—What a  
 Barbarian am I grown!—Speak!

## B I A N C A.

Oh!—Sebastian!

## S E B A S T I A N.

Thou ever beauteous charmer of my soul,  
 You must not leave me—I will still drag on  
 The heavy load of life a little longer:—  
 I will forgive thee too.

## B I A N C A.

Eternal peace

And pleasure be thy portion for this goodness:  
 And to complete it, let those motives, that  
 Have influenc'd me, prevail on you to stay  
 Till you are summon'd to depart, by him  
 Who gave you life:—I durst not rush into  
 His presence unprepar'd—unbidden—though  
 I've suffer'd what is past description; lest  
 I should be ever banish'd from those realms,  
 Where peace and love for ever reign, where I  
 Shall meet with thee to part no more.

S E B A S-

S E B A S T I A N.

O! may

That time be near, for since no torture can  
Compare with disappointed love—

B I A N C A.

How came

You hither, my Sebastian?—O my fears!—  
If Don Balthazar should behold you here—

S E B A S T I A N.

Balthazar.—Ha!—the vile usurper.—Nam'd  
You him?—Inhuman.—But I will be calm.—  
The friendly Leonora, mov'd by my  
Distress, convey'd me safely to your chamber.

B I A N C A.

Will she as safely take thee back?—Will she  
Conceal thee, my Sebastian?—For I care  
Not for myself, my cares are all for thee.

S E B A S T I A N.

What magic's in thy voice, that whilst I listen  
I'm soften'd and disarm'd of half my rage!—  
My sorrows too are hush'd, and all the wild  
Ungovern'd tumults of my soul subside.

B I A N C A.

What voice is that?—It comes this way;—O do  
Not kill him.—Take my life.

S E B A S T I A N.

What means this phrenzy?  
All's still.—Perhaps my presence is unwelcome.—

That

That I should live to be unwelcome to  
 Bianca—Killing thought!—Will you permit  
 One dear embrace before we part for ever?

B I A N C A.

O! do not say for ever!

S E B A S T I A N.

For ages could I hold thee to my bosom:—  
 I thought I had been dead to joy, but now  
 With force so exquisite it rushes on me,  
 That while I clasp thee I can scarce support it.

B I A N C A.

My heart's in unison with thine:—In this  
 Sweet moment I forget my past distress,  
 And think on nought but love and my Sebastian.

*Enter* B A L T H A Z A R.

B A L T H A Z A R.

Thus do I wipe away the stain thou'st cast  
 Upon me—Thou abandon'd wanton. [*Stabs her.*]

S E B A S T I A N.

Ha!

Draw, coward!—villain!—and receive from me  
 The punishment thy crimes deserve. [*They fight.*]

B I A N C A.

O let

My death atone—Ye heav'nly pow'rs preserve  
 My dear Sebastian! [*Sebastian falls.*] Ah!—'tis done!  
 [*Faints.*]

S E B A S T I A N.

Thou'st conquer'd—  
 Now may'st thou triumph in thy guilt:—I have

N

One



One only wish ;—I would be near Bianca :——  
 Heav'n give me strength.—It will not be.—This is  
 The bitterness of death indeed ;—the bliss  
 Of dying on her bosom is deny'd me :—  
 My cruel fate pursues me to the grave.

## B I A N C A.

O my belov'd Sebastian !—Thou'rt in life  
 And death the sole delight of thy Bianca ;——  
 Repine not—All is well—We have partook  
 Each others joys, and shar'd each others woes :——  
 Our souls have been united long ; and now  
 We die together, and together we  
 Shall dwell in harmony and peace for ever ;  
 What would we more ?—The shades of night come  
 round me.

Adieu, my love !——I go—Sebastian—Oh ! [*Dies.*]

## S E B A S T I A N.

O stay, Bianca !—stay and take me with you.——  
 Art thou then gone ?—Angels receive your charge,  
 And speed her on to your delightful mansions.—  
 See how the smiling cherubs now surround her—  
 With what harmonious sounds they give her welcome,—  
 Thou pow'r benign assuage my mother's griefs,  
 And give her comfort—Now, my love, I come—Oh !  
 [*Dies.*]

*Enter CLARA.*

## B A L T H A Z A R.

Ha !—Clara !—What's your business hither, madam ?

CLARA.



CLARA.

I came to be reveng'd on thee—thou traitor!

*[Stabs him and exit.]*

BALTHAZAR.

And shall Balthazar thus ignobly fall?—

Die by a woman's hand?—My curse light on thee.—

Ah! whither is my fancy'd greatness fled?—

Too late I see how guilty I have been;

My crimes are great, beyond a hope of pardon;—

Around me all is horror and despair,

And I am doom'd to everlasting torments.—

O! for one moment to compose my mind!—

But that's deny'd me—Now I sink—Oh!—Oh!

*[Dies.]**Enter Don PEDRO.*

Ha!—my Bianca, and Sebastian bleeding!—

Balthazar lifeless too!—Support me heav'n—

My heart will burst with grief—My much-lov'd child—

O what inhuman wretch hath done this deed!

*[Weeps over her.]**Enter Don JUAN.*

PEDRO.

Whoe'er thou art, disturb me not—I would

Indulge the sorrows of my soul unseen:—

But you, perhaps, can solve this myst'ry, and

The horrid tale unfold.

JUAN.

In part, my lord,

I can:—Balthazar, my unhappy friend,

Was kill'd by a revengeful, injur'd woman:—

Some moments since, she through the palace ran,  
 Uttering most dreadful, horrid imprecations,  
 And boasting of the act she'd just perform'd :  
 Hinder'd from passing, and o'erpow'r'd by numbers,  
 She plung'd a dagger in her breast, and dy'd  
 In all the tumults of despair :—But how  
 The noble Don Sebastian and your niece  
 Have met a fate so undeserv'd, I know not.

P E D R O.

It matters not—for O ! their precious lives  
 Nought can restore :—Release me, gracious heav'n,  
 And let me soon have rest within the grave.

J U A N. [*Turning to Balthazar.*]

Had'st thou, Balthazar, took my friendly counsel,  
 Thou had'st not met with this untimely fate.  
 Thy crimes I hated—thee I warmly lov'd.—  
 What evils flow from yielding to our passions !—  
 They prove a certain source of misery  
 And woe, to all who're guided by their dictates ;  
 Indulgence in them daily with it brings  
 A punishment severe. Sad also are  
 The judgments that await those who presume  
 To break their vows and solemn protestations ;  
 From evil acts no good can e'er proceed.

Thrice happy those who live by Reason's laws,  
 Whose actions merit their own heart's applause  
 Who never let their passions bear the sway,  
 But Virtue's precepts faithfully obey.

F I N I S.

